

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + Keep it legal Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/





20485.26,19,3



Harbard College Library

FROM

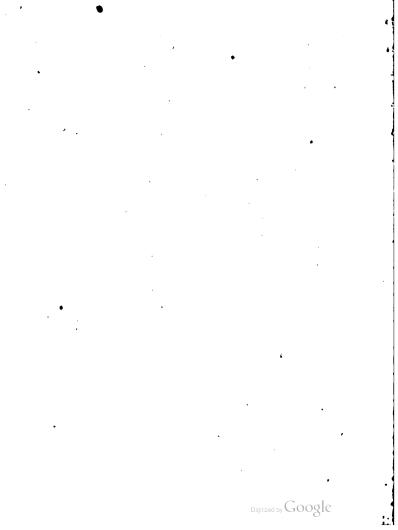
F.E. Chase

Digitized by Google

Ċ

• •





A SEAMARK A THRENODY FOR ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON BY BLISS CARMAN

BOSTON COPELAND AND DAY 1895







Digitized by Google

 ${\boldsymbol{r}}^{\,i}$

4

4

A SEAMARK





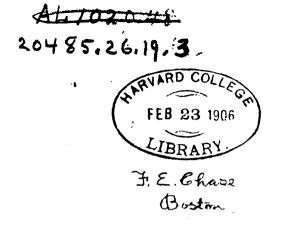
ł

A SEAMARK A THRENODY FOR ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON BY BLISS <u>C</u>ARMAN

BOSTON COPELAND AND DAY 1895



0



COPYRIGHT 1895 BY COPELAND AND DAY



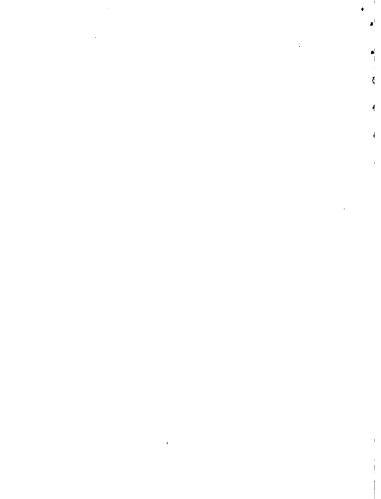
\$

"Here is my journey's end, And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.

t



ı



Digitized by Google

A SEAMARK

COLD, the dull cold! What ails the sun, And takes the heart out of the day? What makes the morning look so mean, The Common so forlorn and gray?

The wintry city's granite heart Beats on in iron mockery, And like the roaming mountain rains, I hear the thresh of feet go by.

It is the lonely human surf Surging through alleys chill with grime, The muttering churning ceaseless floe Adrift out of the North of time.



Fades, it all fades! I only see The poster with its reds and blues Bidding the heart stand still to take Its desolating stab of news.

That intimate and magic name: "Dead in Samoa." . . . Cry your cries, O city of the golden dome, Under the gray Atlantic skies!

But I have wander-biddings now. Far down the latitudes of sun, An island mountain of the sea, Piercing the green and rosy zone,

Goes up into the wondrous day. And there the brown-limbed island men Are bearing up for burial, Within the sun's departing ken, The master of the roving kind.

And there where time will set no mark For his irrevocable rest,

Under the spacious melting dark,

With all the nomad tented stars About him, they have laid him down Above the crumbling of the sea, Beyond the turmoil of renown.

O all you hearts about the world In whom the truant gipsy blood, Under the frost of this pale time, Sleeps like the daring sap and flood

That dream of April and reprieve ! You whom the haunted vision drives, Incredulous of home and ease, Perfection's lovers all your lives !



You whom the wander-spirit loves To lead by some forgotten clue Forever vanishing beyond Horizon brinks forever new;

The road, unmarked, ordained, whereby Your brothers of the field and air Before you, faithful blind and glad, Emerged from chaos pair by pair;

The road whereby you too must come, In the unvexed and fabled years, Into the country of your dream, With all your knowledge in arrears!

You who can never quite forget Your glimpse of Beauty as she passed, The well-head where her knee was pressed, The dew wherein her foot was cast;

Digitized by Google

O you who bid the paint and clay Be glorious when you are dead, And fit the plangent words in rhyme Where the dark secret lurks unsaid;

You brethren of the light-heart guild, The mystic fellowcraft of joy, Who tarry for the news of truth, And listen for some vast aboy

Blown in from sea, who crowd the wharves With eager eyes that wait the ship Whose foreign tongue may fill the world With wondrous tales from lip to lip;

Our restless loved adventurer, On secret orders come to him, Has slipped his cable, cleared the reef, And melted on the white sea-rim.



O granite hills, go down in blue! And like green clouds in opal calms, You anchored islands of the main, Float up your loom of feathery palms!

For deep within your dales, where lies A valiant earthling stark and dumb, This savage undiscerning heart Is with the silent chiefs who come

To mourn their kin and bear him gifts,— Who kiss his hand, and take their place, This last night he receives his friends, The journey-wonder on his face.

He "was not born for age." Ah no, For everlasting youth is his! Part of the lyric of the earth With spring and leaf and blade he is.

Digitized by Google

'T will nevermore be April now But there will lurk a thought of him At the street corners, gay with flowers From rainy valleys purple-dim.

×.

ł

O chiefs, you do not mourn alone ! In that stern North where mystery broods, Our mother grief has many sons Bred in those iron solitudes.

It does not help them, to have laid Their coil of lightning under seas; They are as impotent as you To mend the loosened wrists and knees.

And yet how many a harvest night, When the great luminous meteors flare Along the trenches of the dusk, The men who dwell beneath the Bear,



Seeing those vagrants of the sky Float through the deep beyond their hark, Like Arabs through the wastes of air,— A flash, a dream, from dark to dark,—

Must feel the solemn large surmise: By a dim vast and perilous way We sweep through undetermined time, Illumining this quench of clay,

A moment staunched, then forth again. Ah, not alone you climb the steep To set your loving burden down Against the mighty knees of sleep.

With you we hold the sombre faith Where creeds are sown like rain at sea; And leave the loveliest child of earth To slumber where he longed to be. His fathers lit the dangerous coast To steer the daring merchant home; His courage lights the darkling port Where every sea-worn sail must come.

And since he was the type of all That strain in us which still must fare, The fleeting migrant of a day, Heart-high, outbound for otherwhere,

Now therefore, where the passing ships Hang on the edges of the noon, And Northern liners trail their smoke Across the rising yellow moon,

Bound for his home, with shuddering screw That beats its strength out into speed, Until the pacing watch descries On the sea-line a scarlet seed



Smoulder and kindle and set fire To the dark selvedge of the night, The deep blue tapestry of stars, Then sheet the dome in pearly light,

There in perpetual tides of day, Where men may praise him and deplore, The place of his lone grave shall be A seamark set forevermore,

High on a peak adrift with mist, And round whose bases, far beneath The snow-white wheeling tropic birds, The emerald dragon breaks his teeth.



PRINTED BY THE EVERETT PRESS COMPANY BOSTON







. .



.

•



i



٠

. •



•

.

.



.

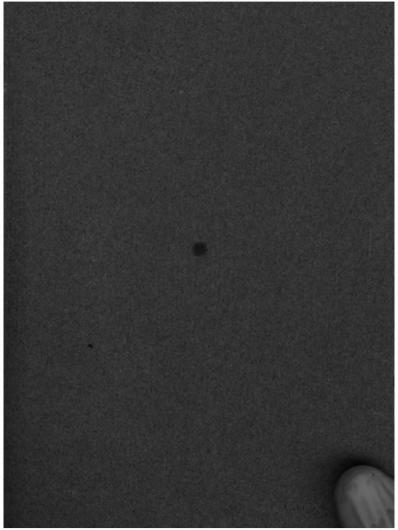


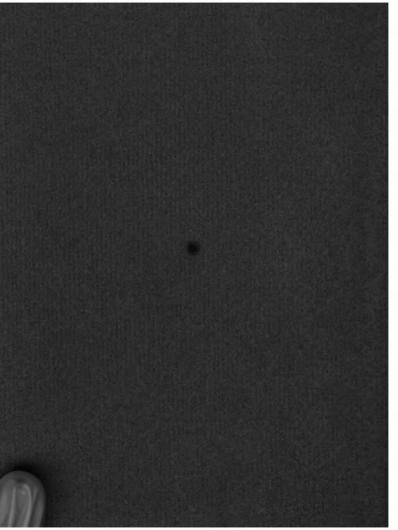
•

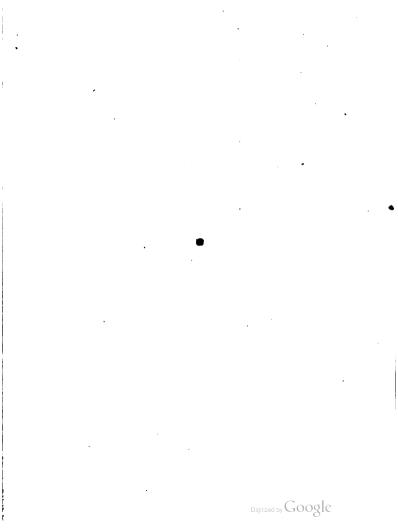


*

.









•

.

:

Digitized by Google

